Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

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By Samuel Coate Atkinson,

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The following lines, full of the life and soul of peasantry, appeared lately in that Christian Journal, the New York Evangelist and they are the production of a poor young man, who, with a competency, not long since, set out from the Theological Seminary of Cincinnati. Being short of money they had themselves to work on a craft from the head of the Mississippi river to their place of destination, on arriving at which they found themselves richer, by twenty dollars each, than when they started from home. The author is, however, rich in talent and genius.

DELUGE.

Three fifty years the tweeler toild,
Around his head Time rowed a wreath of mossy whiteness,
And the deep furrows in his cheek—where Age
Had laid its fingers, told of labors for the good of men;
The Earth was not yet old: but in deeds of darkness
It had grown to much old. Holiness in the hearts of Eden
Slow the Sun of Righteousness dawned and set
Among the nations, and brought no change.
The holy patriarchs sate in their graves of peace:
The message came, and rainbow'd the cloud in vain.
Was given to take the seed among the blood on high,
All, all were gone! Their dying words forgotten;
Their mouths were stuffed with wedding sheets,
And had away to meddle and to eat.
To take and to give in marriage, a sad story;
No guilty one would come and pray to be forgiven:
No tear of grieving penitence now glisten'd in the eye;
But Time mocked on and drove with death.
And God would take its fellow's hand
And say to the Destroyer, "Forbear!" He smiled
Threw away her native loveliness, and stood
Array'd in the pale robe of the dead.
The mother's hand had torn the mother's heart away,
And left it in the home of ruin—crime!
And deeds of guilt and woe filled them.
That crime itself would blush to look upon.

I said the patriarchs were dead. Yet there was one
Who trod the path of duty, and walked with God,
To bring the wanderers back. Alas! I was vain;
His voice fell on the ground unheeded.
His age was mock'd: and oft precocious guilt
Scowl'd at him, as he bent down in piety.
O earth's fearful tear had come in the dark history;
Upon thy guilt know it yet recorded stood,
Thy measure was full, and all was still.
Still yet the tale of woe—I shall shall blot them out.

The sun went down upon the idea that deck
The sea and, as it sunk away the preacher stood
Upon the ark, and pointed to the sky, in token of mercy
He said the time had come when pardon ne'er would plead
Again with plaintive voice. He heard the angel
Of destruction—heard the rush of the car of death.
He told them mercy's voice would cease to plead,
That they should not know each other's wealth!
But no one listen'd—no one heard—
And not one answered—save now and then a cry of scorn.

He turned about came tolling on the evening sun.
The rain drops of woe turned into tears in his home
Of peace. He took the round that lay to where
The ark was built, and entered in. He found
Now closed the door, and all was still
And where the grave scorn on the wreck of beauty.

At midnight in the tents of sin,
A stance unutterably cry of terror came.
The voice of lamentation, and the fearful groanings
In the hall and of still—the bridegroom's coming
The cause of scandal, with all its boisterous minstrelsy;
The music and the dance, and song
And each lose star that treads its pathway
In the skies, now veil'd its light, and left them
To look. Again the sound came on the evening air.
Again it rolled now terrible and deep.
Of vengeance coming in its iron chariot
To tread the winepress of the world.
A night like this never had been never seen—
The words that make their bods among
The pillars of the temple of their wicked
Their gaunt energies, and cause as labours
To fall. Again the sound came louder
Than the thundering voice amid the storm
Of Sinai's top, when God descended in the way
Of death—and earthquake, that had slumber'd
In his gloomy cave, awoke and did his work.
Herald thy waters grew inside and God
Has wove the wrinkles-sheet of waters.
The ark knew its charge, and all mourning on,
And come to lay thee in thy sepulchre!

The morning dawn'd at last.
The sea was gone, but where?—He look'd
Not with a smile of holy gladness that used
To shine upon his solemn features.
No! he knew was dark and stormy,
And the light came darting on the ark,
As flash the flames of hell upon the midnight
Of the pit!

Alone!
Upon the flood the ark in safety rode,
As o'er the Earth it bore the living seed.
The remains of its chambers sang and pray'd;
For God had come; and in their hearts
Had a united joy and thankfulness.

LITTLE DAVIE.

A TRUE STORY.

It is now about a twelvemonth since the family of Mr. Hope, of Kelbank, in Perthshire, had occasion to visit the city of London. Continuing for this family it is unnecessary to say more than that it consisted, while settled in Scotland, of Mr. and Mrs. Hope, with one son and two daughters, all grown up. On the present occasion, the son, Mr. Charles Hope, was entrusted with the charge of the family, as the old gentleman was obliged by business to remain at home for a time, with full confidence in the ability of worldly gaining the rest at Rome. Mr. George was an elegant and dashing young man, had spent two fashionable winters in Edinburgh, and in particular had formed an intimate acquaintance with the Baron Hunkerstein, minister for the court of Charles the Tenth, at Holyrood-house.

When Mrs Hope had determined on the jaunt, she engaged a respectable servant, by name Margaret, to accompany her abroad; and, till a few days before the time for their departure, she recurred to mar this arrangement. It was found, however, almost at the last, that Margaret had "fitted" herself with a place, and could not accompt part: good wages and foreign sights were no doubt temptation, and a bargain was a thing not to be lightly broken. Mrs Hope was at a loss to pitch upon another. Margaret, in short, could not go. Mrs Hope found it impossible, at so short a brief time which now remained, to engage another to make several. It occurred to her, however, as a fortunate thing that the wife of their little stable-boy, whom they had for two or three years employed in the house, and in the garden, by the familiar name of Davie, might be trusted up into a tolerably good look-boy, provided he would consent to go. What a consent though for that acted on. Davie was instantly called into the presence of his master and mistress, and asked if he had any objection to go abroad as a waiting-man, instead of remaining at home as only an attendant upon horses. The little fellow thought proper to make but a short mention of such a thing. Objections Davie would go to the end of the world with his master or mistress, father and mother would only let him. Mr. Hope dismissed the lad, with a complimentary speech on his readiness, and his deference to the will of his parents, and immediately riding over the country to the place where Davie lived, he was easily prevailed upon them to allow their son to go abroad.

Here did the family party, then, squired by Davie, setting out on their way to the Continent.

In order that the reader may understand what would have its proper force, we must premise that Davie was essentially a Scotch village boy. He was one of those lads of whom the

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

A BULL.—The Museum of Antiquities at Bologna contains a bull, in the high relief, of Egyptian style, under which the Roman Emperors were on the coin. The animal is represented in the act of the most ferocious impetuosity at the redemption. Some antiquaries say that it was an allusion to Cæsar and his

A STRANGE WEDDING.—The ordinary work of an industrious lace producer by an obscure artist, named Gerard, of Mirecourt—a colossal group of the Virgin and Child, with a cradle for the latter. It is said to be full of grace and simplicity, and every pair admires the work of art. The artist is destined for the church of Notre Dame de la Garde.

A STRANGE WASH.—A wager is laid of ten new guineas, between a gardener and a washerwoman of Chelsea, one of their undertaking to grow a mixed quantity of mustard and cress, and the other to wash it in an hour and three-quarters.

SWEDEN.—A novel attempt is apparently about to be entered on in Sweden. A company with fifteen hundred members, among whom are some of the first nobility in the country, was recently formed for the purpose of establishing the town of Lidie, in Lower Norrland, on the Gulf of Bothnia, and thereby to open the harbour, and fill it with cotton vessels, and English not the wages was considered to be the main inducement.

THE DUKE.—Steam-boats have been introduced on the Danube with success. A rail-road is contemplated between Vienna and Lemberg.

TOKEN.—The *Carlisle Journal* says that at Sir John Beckett's ball, on the occasion of the Lords election, the Hon. Mrs. Howard Elphinstone, a relative of their Highnesses, actually had the *orange-tree* dead blue!

A correspondent of the London Morning Herald, dating from Dublin, says:—"The Rev. Dr. Boyton, of Dublin, after some time in Scotland, has agreed conscience to go there on their return to Ireland. The Rev. Dr. Boyton is a member of Parliament, which shall rest the matter in Ireland. It is only *usual* that the pecuniary difficulties of the Church of the country should be met by due consideration. The assembly *drinking the health* of the noble lord, and expressing their confidence in his administration, and against exposure to the evil consequences of the late Ministerial crisis. Thanks were voted to the Rev. Dr. Boyton, and to the members of our London bands, Messrs. Cleaver and Pell, and others of that history.

REPEAL IN IRELAND.—The Rev. Dr. Boyton, Roman Catholic dignitary, under the sanction of Mr. Spring Rice, is said to be "well wort" in Ireland in favor of Repeal. The Irish Repeal Agitation under which America is found to have happy and prosperous!

REPEAL OF THE LICENCE TRADE IN IRELAND.—The Cork Herald states that there is every prospect of a successful termination of the struggle the branch of commerce to no former footing in that country, owing to the spirited determination evinced in the cause by the inhabitants in the north of Ireland to meet the English and Scotch malt-spun yarn upon its own ground. A general meeting of the trade has been convened a numerous body, and many more are going rapidly to work. The result is that the advantages are enormous, and there can be no doubt will be in immediate demand to supply the consumption of the immense population in the north of Ireland.

SINGULAR DEPARTURE.—A lad named Charles Shute, fifteen years of age, who had lately clerked before the Chapel Street, some evening ran away from his employ, in a boy of some years of age. He was found guilty of the indictment preferred against him, and the Chairman agreed to leave home to procure 10*l.* in order that he might be sent to sea.

A woman and two daughters died almost intoxicated lately in France, on drinking from a barrel of cider a pint of which they had drawn off. The cider, it is said, had probably come at the bunghole left open for the liquor to ascend.

A Miss Farthing, of Oxford street, died of fright, in consequence of breaking a looking glass, from a supposed ominous appearance of some calamity. The poor woman had not sufficient sense to say either a truth or a wrong broken.

A woman who used to skin cats for a living, either a the purpose of preparing them for food, or for the more fashionable and valid thieving appearance to the Bermondsey fur trade, was found dead in a ditch, from a cause unknown.

In London improvements, Mr. Smirke is suggesting two new streets, one from Regent street to Oxford street, to be called "Duke's Road," and "The Duke's Land," the corresponding to Regent street. The scheme is said to be favorably received by the London improvements, as continued at Edinburgh.

A Mr. Dodsworth Oliver left £80,000 in real estate, and no will. The property has been claimed by a person of the name if they married Scotch women, but as the was proven to be absent, the houses fell to the Crown, and the

The Provence Victoria, the [illegible] steamer, left Marseilles on Saturday. The place of the scene to the Isle of Sardinia, and thence to Naples. The Duke de Montpensier will accompany W. H. Wickham, Cashier; J. F. Yates, Accountant; David Judy, Clerk; Thos. Wood Judy, Clerk; and Wm. Wood, Clerk. They may be missed any more of that name, or to have their ears bored through, as the Scotch women have in the Highlands. If not closely examined, they will be mistaken for Americans.

The Sarah Sands has succeeded a long and unfortunate passage of 50 days, and arrived at Liverpool. The passengers were all in good health and spirits. Lieut. Phelps is spoken of in the highest terms by the passengers for his kindness and attention, during the protracted Bonnet.

A dozen of church tenants took place at Basle on the 1st of May, when 40 persons were fined, for the sum of the Basle country.

THE CHARTIST.—A project is on foot in Russia similar to that of the Chartists in England. Petitions are circulated, and the first displayed 8 lines in every paper for the purchase of that paper's stamp.

A Russian Warrior, a sub-lieutenant in Persia, having married a Christian wife, is punished, and is obliged to resign his commission in consequence. Against a Christian wife, a mohammedan, and a Christian husband, is not to be married. Should a Christian be married to know what is meant by the *mixed marriages* of Ireland, but we believe none are "Christian" unless the expression is only a legal establishment, and not understood by all the non-observers that [illegible]

THE MUSIC.—The Concordia is the name of a new Musical Society, established at Georgetown, for the encouragement of ecclesiastical. It is thus described. By means of stringed cylinders, one moved by the other beneath the keys, the sounds are produced by the touch of the fingers in common, one of which would always be sounding, and the other would be moved by the feet. There are two keys of the cylinders, so that the one is moved by the feet, and the other by the hands, so that there are two length of tone, by touching one of the keys with the hand, and the other with the foot, so that in the result was, that the sounds were sonorous and full.

THE CHOLERA.—The cholera has appeared at Paris, having commenced on the 29th of March. It is said to be of a very mild character, and not to be attended with any fatal consequences. The disease has appeared in the Hotel Dieu, and in the Hospital of Val de Grace, and in the Hospital of Val de Grace, and in the Hospital of Val de Grace

Philadelphia Prices Current.

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FRIDAY MORNING, JULY 18, 1834.

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ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:

Saturday, July 19, 1834.

Publication Office, No. 36 Carter's Alley, opposite the Girard Bank.

[illegible] honours, [illegible] Casket with [illegible] poetry en[illegible] C. W. E. By a [illegible] the 8th of [illegible] Correspond[illegible] article in [illegible] before the [illegible] *larceny* has [illegible] neighbour-in[illegible] the original [illegible] C. W. E. before us.

GRIEVANCES!!

[illegible] in arrears, [illegible] yearly in [illegible] principles, on [illegible] Patrons allow [illegible] engage[illegible] is felt, and [illegible] acceptable

[illegible] agents at the [illegible] subscribers in [illegible] agents, who [illegible] for the

George Boggs, [illegible] Campbell, [illegible] Esq. Robert L. Baker, Simeon Horne, C. Goodwin, in Post Office, R. H. Marseilles, Richard McClure, Esq. Ira A. W. Buck.

[illegible] Memory of La Fayette.

[illegible]

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC OLIO.

[illegible]

SOURCE OF THE MISSISSIPPI.

[illegible] Harpers, a [illegible] upper Mis[illegible] of this river," [illegible] with maps. [illegible]

[illegible] Bookseller,

The Blue Book.

[illegible] by Key [illegible]

GUY RIVERS.

[illegible]

WAR AMONG THE POETS.

"Much may be said on both sides." Hark I hear
A well known voice that murmurs in my ear,—
The voice of *Candour*—Hail! most solemn sage,
Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
Candour which softens party's headlong rage,
Candour—which spares its foes—nor e'er descends
With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
Candour,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell
Of *acting foolishly*, but meaning well;
Too nice to praise by who sale, or to blame,
Convinced that all men's motives are the same."

"'Tis strange there should such difference be,
'Twixt tweedle dum and tweedle dee."

It is with feelings of mortification and regret that we announce, that the treaty of peace, which, it was anticipated, would have secured a lasting reconciliation, has been unexpectedly violated, and that open war has been declared by the poets. The belligerants on both sides, are making active preparations for a long campaign, and it is feared that unless some of the pacificatory powers interpose, it will be a war characterized by a total extermination of either one or both of the parties.

From the prevailing spirit of the age, the unparalleled march of mind—and the great efforts which have been making throughout the world to abolish the barbarous and unchristian custom of war: it was fondly hoped, that we should have remained in a perpetual state of quietude—but alas! these visionary conceptions have vanished, and we are now seriously threatened with all the miseries, privations, and melancholy results which necessarily flow from the savage operations of contending armies.

The country will be overflowed with reckless mercenaries, and we shall suffer the loss of that social liberty—poetical tranquility and literary repose, which the aspect of affairs, a short time since, promised to be of long continuance.

It is painful to contemplate the state of the poetical world a few weeks since, and then look at the contrast which exists now. Then the prospect of repose and tranquility was apparently firm and lasting, but the extraordinary bulletin of the *American Quarterly* suddenly aroused us from the deceitful calm.

We anxiously awaited the result, and in a few days an extraordinary *courier* direct from the court of *New Amsterdam* brought the *Ukase* of the *Knickerbocker*.

All is now alarm and confusion,—it is impossible to say what course will be pursued, but from some intimations which have been given in the regions of St. James—it is thought that the restrictions on American poetry will be removed, and thus the way will be opened to an amicable and satisfactory settlement of the claims preferred by both of the contending powers.

For our own part, who are mere lookers on in this matter we shall pursue a system of entire neutrality; we have friends on both sides and therefore in the present attitude of affairs, shall declare for neither.

Some may perhaps censure us for this temporizing course, but we are fully satisfied, that our policy is one which promises in any event, the greatest chance of being useful, to one or both of the belligerants. The foreign policy of our cabinet is we think decidedly the best; although possibly this may be a singularity of opinion, appertaining particularly to ourselves, in which no other agrees. Our ardent and sincere desire is that hostilities may soon cease, and that the parties may speedily come to an arrangement, which while it may be acceptable and creditable to themselves, will reflect an additional lustre to the honor of their country.

At present we are stunned and alarmed at the prospect, numerous and contradictory reports are afloat, and such is the uncertain state of things that poetical stock among the booksellers has fallen within the last week fifty per cent. There has been to-day a little advancing; but still all is doubtful and fluctuating.

If we are permitted as impartial witnesses to give an opinion; we would advise instantly the elevation of a Flag of Truce—the immediate cessation of hostilities, and the appointment of Ministers invested with full powers, to negociate a treaty based upon the principles of honour, justice and generosity.

But if in spite of these friendly admonitions and the remonstrances of the allied powers, the parties should still determine to involve the country in a destructive and disgraceful war,—why then we say to them in the spirit of candour and truth, that they must answer for the consequences, and at the bar of public opinion they will be tried and condemned for their unamiable delinquencies. Poetry will be banished as pernicious to the tranquility and interests of civilized society and the followers of it, will be treated with indignation and disgrace. Beware then, that you bring not the *divine art* into disrepute by your foolish squabbles—pause ere you are guilty of acts which years of repentance cannot atone for, nor all the Waters of Jordan wash out.

The doom of poets under almost any circumstance is wretched enough, add not to your crimes by sinning against one another. If ye are deaf to the voice of the living, listen to the spirit of *Quevedo* who described your state three hundred years ago, and shudder at the scene, which the demon described to him, which exists in your quarter in the infernal regions. Heaven forbid that you should ever get there, you have time enough to amend, and we do rely on your discretion and prudence in avoiding the danger which threatens you. Quevedo asks the demon if there are many constables in Hell, and he replies—

"Very many," answered he: "the constables have neither honour nor conscience; they drive their trade, whether they know any thing of the matter or not—in that particular they resemble the poets. You shall scarcely find in hell, a single poet, who will not tell you that he was sent there on account of the versified lies he told in praise of some beauty. The poetic spirit hath its origin in the deposition of the heart, to receive tender impressions—it is the lover of heroism and romance, and to sustain this character, must necessarily make use of much artifice. The old poets serve as secretaries to young lovers; the young ones are ambitious of blazing as the heroes of their own compositions. There are so many poets in hell, that it can hardly fail of aggrandizing their quarter. I wish to speak in such a manner, that you may comprehend the nature of their occupations and torments there; but of which you cannot have an adequate idea, unless I shall here adduce some examples:—

"When these authors enter the subterranean abodes, they look around for a Charon, a dog Cerberus, a Rhadamanthus, a Pluto, and all the infernal divinities of fable. In place of that, the demons make them realize, that this is a place much more horrible than that: but this is not their severest punishment; they are forced to hear the compositions of other poets, who are their superiors in talent; then they are tormented by jealousy; they hate the *epigrams* of Martial, the *stanzas* of Catullus, the *odes* of Horace, the *beauties* of Virgil, the *satires* of Juvenal, the *comedies* of Terence, and the *tragedies* of Seneca. It is thus also the historians suffer, when they listen to the histories of Herodotus, of Titus Livy, of Sallust, and of Cæsar.

"What a punishment for these rhymsters, when they recollect their own works! You cannot imagine the pain they experience, in finding a felicitous rhyme, a happy epithet, a just pause, or an harmonious cadence: they are more tormented by an *a* or an *e*, than Tantalus is by thirst, or the Italians are with their jealousy, when they have Frenchmen at their houses. And the comic poets, how are they punished, for having filched away the reputation of so many princesses and queens of Castile, of Leon, of Arragon, and other places!—This is as fertile a field for them, as all the wars of the Moors of Granada; but for these larcenies, they suffer sharper agonies as Christians, than will ever be inflicted upon the barbarians and Mohammedans, for all their battles and burnings, or upon the alguazils, even for their violences and exactions.

"Behold, in review of the subject," said the demon, who spake by the mouth of the possessed, "there is a much nearer resemblance between poets and alguazils, than one would, at a first glance, imagine."

"A fine comparison," said I, "for such a false spirit as you!"

"How!" answered he, "are not poets and alguazils both thieves? and if you would but confess it, you well know, that in making these remarks of poets, I speak to a poet, whom I wish to undeceive. Do you not recollect the old Spanish proverb, *He who never composed two verses, had no wit; and he who produced four was a fool!*"

"I confess," said I, "that to be a poet, one must have an original turn of imagination; and the same qualification is necessary to a painter: one would find it very difficult to assume, without merit, the rank of Apelles and Michael Angelo: but as they cannot justly call these celebrated artists so generally admired, fools, so neither do I believe they can accuse of folly the great poets of Spain, of Italy, of France, of Turkey, of Persia, and of China: for in all these places they have made verses."

"Yes," said he, "and in all these places there are fools, alguazils, painters, astrologers, jealous or complaisant husbands, mountebanks, perfumers, plagiaries, triflers, and slaves of business or pleasure. All these, under pretext of pleasure or justice, steal, without compunction, the wealth of others."

We have given the whole of this interesting dialogue, so that the parties may see what punishment awaits their order; and in addition to that, we thought that a timely warning might be productive of benefit.

Hear the gentle Addison speak from the 253d number of his *Spectator*, and learn lessons of wisdom from the echoing voices of the sages of the dead.

"The greatest wits" he says "that were ever produced in one age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having lived with men of so extraordinary a genius, than if he had himself been the sole wonder of the age.

I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus, and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age for whom singly we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation."

The same obtains in all ages, and men of talents and genius must never permit the feeling of envy to vent itself in detraction, bitterness, and acrimoniousness.

"Our voice is still for peace," and we hope there will be no "long debate" as to its propriety and utility to all that are concerned.

Let not the enemies of America have it to say that they war among ourselves—let them not have it in their power to declare that our productions are good for nothing: and that our personal antipathies and private animosities, transcend the power of our genius and shade with withering influence the growing talent of the land—with the plants of envy which grow and flourish only in the corrupt soil of the degenerate heart.

Genius—talent—learning—and feeling *exist* and will flourish luxuriantly in the free spirit of liberty—but the demon of *Envy* must be driven from our shores—and in its place the spirit of liberality and generosity must come—fertilizing with their combined influence, the waste and barren soils of intellect—gladdening the hearts of many by the glorious creations of their fancy, and the bright visions of their imagination—enlightening, improving and regenerating the mind—freeing it from the shackles of ignorance, prejudice and superstition; and thus, by a union of genius and candour, talent and liberality, learning and toleration, make us happy among ourselves, and the admiration of the world.

Physiognomy.

To judge of the disposition and qualities of a man by the index of the countenance, is, we believe, a universal propensity. Children manifest it at a very early period, and the mature adult, indulges in it even sometimes at the expense of his better judgment. That the features of the face indicate the prevailing sentiments of the mind, and exhibit to the eye, the general disposition of the heart, we have not the slightest doubt.—Some faces we say are good and others bad, meaning thereby to express that the amiable and benevolent affections predominate in one heart, while the reverse obtains in another.

Every day's experience convinces us, that there is "truth in the face," and however great the effort to conceal the ruling passions of the soul, the expression of the features will, to the practised eye, indicate the virtues or vices of the individual. We have in our eye now a man, whose whole conduct evinces a total disregard to the laws of honour, honesty and justice—he is a vain, vindictive, malicious, revengeful, ungrateful dishonest, a downright cheat—boasts of independence, and is the most abject wretch living—declares he is free, and is the vilest slave to his own passions imaginable,—talks of poetry, love, friendship, benevolence, &c., and never felt an impulse from either of them,—in a word, he is a disgusting and revolting monster of moral corruption, and a foul being of wickedness and iniquity; and what does his countenance say, it declares that he is the wretch we have described him; even boys in the street if they looked at his mouth, would start at its malignant and fiendish expression.

Nature has marked the man, like Cain of old, she has set her seal on him, and go where he will but one character will he create, and that a bad one. It may be said that this is a strong case, we acknowledge it is, and we are glad that these cases are rare, if it was not so, society could not exist; the established order of things would be reversed, and moral degeneration, diabolical confusion and distruction would speedily ensue. The passions of a man, declare themselves through the medium of the countenance, and it is the look of the countenance, which calls into activity the passion of love, a glance of the eye awakens the imagination to elysium felicity, or sinks it to the abyss of inexpressible despair. A look of love from the sanctuary of the soul, uttered in the silent, but intelligible language of the eye, fills the heart with the overflowings of joy, and produces the highest degree of pleasurable emotion. So in the expressions of revenge and malignity we read the purposes of an enemy. The look of kindness and benevolence tells us without any assistance from the tongue the designs of a friend, and bid us approach in confidence, and repose in faith.—The look of charity who has not felt, the glance of malicious envy, who has not shrunk from! In early life the features are remarkably flexible, and by a proper mode of education, that is a system which promotes the developement of the good and suppresses the bad passions, the countenance can be moulded to the general expression of goodness, thus corresponding in its features to the predominance and activity of the attributes of amiability and benevolence.

Extract of a letter to the Editor, dated

ALBANY, July 14th, 1834.

Shaker settlement—Singular mode of Worship—a Shaker sermon.

I spent some hours on Saturday, in looking at the prominent buildings of this city, and in noting the leading curiosities. There is much to see and much to admire, though perhaps it would be unfair to draw a comparison between this place and Philadelphia. Some of the buildings of Albany, display considerable architectural taste, but the site of the town is disadvantageous, on account of its unevenness. The main street from the river—State street—leads up a prodigious hill, the ascent of which is most provokingly fatiguing. In the course of the day, I managed to get up to the Park, but the labour almost threw me into a fever. The ancient Knickerbockers were not well skilled in locating a city.

Yesterday, instead of attending church in the city, we rode to the Shakers' settlement, about 8 miles distant, and arrived in time to witness most of their peculiar ceremonies. When we took our seats in the large hall, devoted to religious purposes, the Shakers were ranged in columns of nine or ten, the oldest in front, and the sexes facing each other. They were singing what appeared to be an invocation to heaven. All joined in the same part, the men singing the air an octave lower, forming a tolerable accompaniment. Both the men and women kept time by raising and lowering their hands. The females were dressed in white with plain handkerchiefs and plain caps, old and young being apparelled in precisely the same attire. The dress of the males was likewise uniform, and in appearance resembled that of the old fashioned farmers of Pennsylvania. During their performances, it would be preposterous to apply the term *worship* to their ridiculous caperings, I scanned closely the appearance of these followers of Ann Lee. Among the men I did not observe a single intelligent countenance. The leader and principal speaker, is a man of fifty, with a low forehead, a dull, heavy face, with an expression of entire composure and perfect confidence. By his address, which was awkward and embarrassed, I should take him to be a man of no education. Most of the women were "old and ugly," and apparently of a class who would stand in need of but little drilling to keep them from the temptations of the world. There were however two young females among them, of considerable personal attractions. Both of them, I thought, glanced very frequently among the crowd of spectators with which the room was filled. The same observation was made by all our party. They are probably new converts, already tired of leading a life so little in consonance with nature and reason. The number of Shakers present was about 90, the larger portion of whom were males.

At the conclusion of the hymn, one of the elders advanced forward between the lines of males and females who retained their places, and made a short and disconnected address. He spoke of the high professions of religion made by the Shakers, and of their superior light and knowledge, and strongly urged a rigid adherence to the rules of the sect, that they might set an example to the whole world. He descanted upon the necessity of self-denial, and said it was a privilege of the sect to be *perfectly* pure; a privilege possessed by no other professors of religion, on account of their heterodox opinions. His speech concluded, another hymn was sung, after which the exercise of dancing was commenced and continued for about half an hour. The sexes were ranged in columns extending the whole width of the room, and danced together backwards and forwards, to the "lah, lah, lah," "lah, lah, lah," of a dozen or two singers, standing along the wall. I never in all my life, witnessed an exhibition, so little in accordance with my notions of religion. To see men and women, hoary and feeble with age, dancing, turning, twirling, and cutting capers like monkeys, seemed to me to be any thing else but rational or spiritual worship, acceptable to a spiritual God. Occasionally the music and the figure were changed, and various marches and countermarches introduced. These over, another hymn was sung, and again the sexes were ranged in columns.

Another speaker, with still less pretensions to oratory, now stepped forward, and addressed some remarks to the audience. He was more bold and pointed than his predecessor, and particularly severe against all other professors of religion, whom he regarded as not a whit better in the eyes of God, than the children of the world. "Let us compare them," said he. "The children of the world go to war and fight—so do these professors; they lie and cheat, and grind the face of the poor—so do these professors; they marry and are given in marriage—and so do these professors!" This is a sample of his logic.

In condemning the conduct of professors, he spoke of their unmoneyy efforts as among the most heinous of their offences. "They are very anxious," he remarked, "and very zealous in making proselytes.—They spend their time and their money in making converts, and when they make one, is he not two fold more the child of hell, than he was before? Ours is a pure religion. We live unspotted with the world, by not marrying. I believe it is better to marry than to do worse, but it is impossible for a married person to be a christian. In this respect, as well as in all others, we follow the example of Christ, who never married. The ordinance is an ordinance of the world, and Christ said 'be ye not of this world!'"

Such was the character of his remarks throughout. He concluding by exhorting his unbelieving hearers not to laugh, and by assuring them that eventually all the world would turn Shakers!

The exhibition lasted about two hours, when the assembly was dismissed. The Shakers immediately got ready their wagons, and most of them rode away, one man having in charge six or eight females. They reside in various places in this vicinity, and possess a fine country, which is well cultivated, and kept in remarkably fine order. They are said to be an industrious people, and good neighbours.

Extension of Loans.

The subjoined correspondence will be hailed by the community generally, as an evidence of approaching relief from the extraordinary pressure which has for several months past weighed it down; and evinces a gratifying disposition on the part of the United States Bank, to extend all the aid in its power in behalf of the mercantile interests. The information with regard to the curtailments and extension of loans on the part of the Bank, will be most important to business men and incorporations.

NEW YORK, 10th July, 1834.

SIR—At a meeting of many merchants, and others interested in commerce, in this city, the undersigned were appointed a committee to express to you and to the Board of Directors of the United States Bank, over which you preside, the following views.

A large portion of difficulties under which the commercial community have labored for some months past, has arisen from the restrictions deemed necessary on the part of the United States Bank, in the differences existing between the existing Executive of the General Government and it; and so long as there seemed just ground for the continuance of such restrictions upon its issues and accommodations to the mercantile public, all efforts of the New York commercial men were confined, to endeavour to render them as little burdensome as possible, and to endure them with the firmness and by the sacrifice, called forth by evils deemed inevitable. All agree that the pressure has been one of the most severe and the most extensive ever known in this country; and that it has been sustained in a manner to elevate the character and to make known the resources of our commercial community.

So long as Congress continued in session it was not deemed hopeless to look for some decision upon the great questions of finance, which were agitating our country from its centre to its extremities, and that measures of relief would naturally have flowed from the definitive action of the National Legislature; but disappointed in this expectation, we are of opinion that the time has now arrived when the United States' Bank, in safety beyond all contingencies, with resources abundant, and increasing beyond all example, can, and ought, to come forward to the relief and support of the commercial interests of the country; and we will not doubt its concurrence with us in these views, which so naturally result from premises, which must be equally apparent to it and to us.

In the true spirit which should ever characterise the intercourse between mercantile men, and the direction of the great organ of commerce, a *National Bank*, (and in the increased necessity for such an institution our latter experience confirms our former opinions) we will frankly state our views to be, that the system of restriction adopted by the Bank the last autumn, should now be *entirely abandoned*, and in its stead that a course of free and useful enlargement of its loans should be substituted, to the extent of five to ten millions of dollars—at such places, in such amounts, and in such a manner as may most effectually restore the operations of the bank to its former beneficial influence, and meet the object proposed, of reviving public confidence, and of giving relief and support to a community accustomed to rely upon Bank facilities for the commencement and continuance of their usual commerce and trade. These of late have been most unfortunately interrupted, if not paralyzed; and cannot be generally or usefully renewed, except by the full and free co-operation of the United States Bank as now indicated, especially by those who, although rich in enterprize, skill, and character, are yet deficient in actual capital—a class which constitutes the bone and sinew of our community—and is destined, ere long, unless prevented by a continuance of untoward events, to furnish leading men in influence and wealth.

By such a course, adopted by the United States Bank, publicly proclaimed and zealously persevered in, for twelve months at least, (which will afford ample time for any measures of precaution on its part, prior to 1836,) the most beneficial consequences would be secured—the almost extinct impulse of private credit would be revived—many of the great evils of our present condition would be removed—the usual facilities of business in all its ramifications would be promoted—the recent lesson of suffering would be a security against overtrading—and the commerce and trade of the nation would at least measureably, resume activity, vigor and prosperity.

The intercourse of the Bank, with its customers, would thus be replaced upon its former footing of mutual benefit, and the interest of both be promoted by so natural and wise a policy; which to be of the greatest advantage, should be of the longest possible duration, and so be understood by all parties.

We have the honor to remain, with the highest respect, your obedient servants,

Signed, JAMES BROWN
JOHN HAGGERTY
JAMES G. KING
CHARLES H. RUSSEL
GEORGE GRISWOLD
THOS. TILESTON
J. W. LEAVITT
JONA. GOODHUE
JOHN A. STEVENS.

To N. BIDDLE, Esq.
President of the U. S. Bank, Philadelphia.

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES,
July 11th, 1834.

Gentlemen—I have had the honor to receive your letter of the 10th instant, which was immediately submitted to the Board of Directors, from whom it could not fail to receive the respectful consideration due to the signers of it.

The general subject of which it treats, has, as you naturally suppose, engaged the early and anxious attention of the Directors. For some months past, the principal object of their measures has been to provide for the safety, and to maintain the credit of the Bank, at all hazards. The restrictions upon its business, which they were under the necessity of imposing for this purpose, were as painful to the Board of Directors as to the community; and they confidently trusted that the National Legislature, if it sanctioned the measures which rendered these restraints necessary, would have provided other means of mitigating their inevitable pressure. But the adjournment of Congress, without adopting any measures, either of redress to the Bank, or of relief to the community, places both the Bank and the country in a new relation to each other, and imposes upon the diminished ability of the Bank an extraordinary demand for its assistance. To that claim the Board of Directors cannot be insensible. They feel that the prosperity of the Bank is completely identified with that of the country and they deem it not merely a duty but a gratification to interpose, whenever the resources of the Bank can be safely employed in the relief and support of the great interests of the community. Accordingly, on the 27th ult., when it was perceived that Congress was about to adjourn without adopting any measure for the relief of the country, the Board appointed a committee to consider the new duties which that event might devolve upon the Bank, and their report was this day adopted. That report contemplates two objects. The first is to put an immediate end to all the curtailments of the loans hitherto directed; a measure which was forthwith adopted. The second regards the future expansion of the loans of the Bank; a subject, as you are aware, of far greater difficulty and delicacy. The long experience and the sagacity in business for which so many of you, gentlemen, are distinguished, will, I think, readily suggest to you that a general public declaration of a purpose to add to the loans of the Bank a sum of from 5 to $10,000,000 might be productive of great disadvantage, as well to the Bank as to the public, and that the more prudent course of expansion, if any be necessary, would be to increase the loans cautiously at those points which most require relief. To such a policy, the Board are well disposed, and they will proceed to the consideration of your views with every disposition to concur in them so far as the state of the Institution, and the principles on which they think it prudent to conduct its affairs, will permit. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours,

N. BIDDLE,
President.

Messrs. James Brown, John Haggerty,
James G. King, C. H. Russell,
G. Griswold, Thomas Tileston,
John W. Smith, John A. Stevens,
J. Goodhue, *New York.*

The following appalling description of the sufferings of Lafayette, when incarcerated in the prison of Olmutz, is extracted from an English paper published in 1796.

"He was seized upon in neutral ground, and from the month of August, 1792, buried alive, in cold subterraneous, solitary dungeons, deprived of exercise, of air, of the light of heaven, of all intercourse with human beings. Stripped of all his clothes, before his being plunged into his last dungeon at Olmutz, *and clad like a galley slave in trowsers and waistcoat made of sail cloth*, enduring in that condition the memorable winter of 1794, destitute of every thing, refused even a knife and fork, and the scanty comforts allowed to felons, obliged to lie on straw and a miserable mattress, the relic of his Roman prison."

Extract of a Letter, dated

FLORENCE, Washington Co. Pa. July 12, 1834.

MR. ATKINSON:

SIR—I have just returned from the state of Ohio. Having spent about two weeks in passing from Massillon, via Jeromesville to Mansfield, I witnessed the effects of the storm of Saturday, 21st ult. in and about Jeromesville. The storm appears to have spent its fury, in tearing off the roofs of houses and barns, and levelling forests to the ground. Some large trees that were not blown down, appeared as if they were twisted or wrung off. The prospect for a plentiful harvest, was never more flattering than at the present time.

From the New York Daily Advertiser.

WASHINGTON, 12th July, 1834.

To my old friend Mr. Dwight of the New York Daily Advertiser.

As nigh as I can calklate, my last letter to you telled you the story (among other things) of the Storm off Cape Hatteras and the Two Pollies.—Well, since then Congress has cleared out and gone to hum, and the Gineral has cut stick too and gone to the Hermitage, and I'm hangin on here yet for a spell, to give the new cabinet a lift, for Mr. Clay advised me, that seein that most of the folks now in the Cabinet are new hands, it would be but fair for me to remain here, and keep an eye on things, and I might take charge of his rooms till Congress meet agin.

I see by some of the papers, some folks say I have gone to Portland to print a newspaper there; and others say I have got a paper in New York; and I don't know what all. Well, now all I can say about it is, I aint got so far down in the world yet, as to set up any news paper for a livin; it is as much as I can do to write letters for you to print in your paper; & if folks think they are worth reprintin in other papers, that aint my business. But I wont be accountable for any letters bearin my name, unless they are first printed in your paper. If folks will kounterfit em, I can't help it. It shows they must be pritty good, for I never knew a chap to kounterfit bills of a bad bank; for if the genewine bill wont pass, it will be jest as bad for the kounterfits.

I was pretty busy when Congress broke up, takin leave of the folks; and the last place to see 'em all was at the *Branch Bank of the United States*; for every one on 'em who lived 20 miles off, brought the money that was paid to em out of the treasury pet bank here, right round to the U. S. Branch Bank, to change it off for bills with Squire Biddle's name to em, for the other bills would'nt go no how when you got out of the district. And when the Gineral was about goin off too, Major Donaldson he got a check on the pet bank, where the Gineral keeps the People's money here, for $200, and cum strait round to the U. S. Bank to change it off for Squire Biddle's bills. Why, says I Major, how is this, says I, wont the people take the pet bills yet on the way to the Hermitage? Well, says he, they haint got used to em yet but they will arter a while when they cant get nothing better. Very well, says I, that's about my notion too; for our folks says I, are pretty much like the Scotchman, who said he was always pretty well contented when he got the best the house afforded.

Since Congress has been gone, I have had more time to think about matters and things in the money way, I have got more than a bushel of letters from Zekel Bigelow, in Wall street, about money matters; and I have come to the notion, if something aint done pritty quick by the Bank of the United States, we are goin to see trouble agin this summer, and afore Congress meets agin, that will be worse than we have seen yet.

Congress has been passing a good many appropriation bills, and what with the interest on the public debt, and the sums that the Post Office and some other offices are in debt, as nigh as I can calkulate, there will be over twenty-five millions of dollars wanted out of the Treasury this year; and where the money is to come from I cant see yet; for though the Secretary of the Treasury says the duties on imports will be pretty large, I am afraid he haint calculated enuf for the amount that the merchants will claim back for the exports, for if they can't find a market here for the goods they import, they will ship a good jag on 'em off other markets, and then by law git back from Government the amount of duty paid on such goods and that makes a plagy hole in the acount.

Now, it always was the fashion afore this plagy war began agin the U. S. Bank, for the Treasury Department and the Bank to rub noses together, and watch all these pints, and the Bank would begin and forelay agin the time when the Treasury had to pay away money; and the public debt and the expenses of Government would be paid through the Bank millions on millions of dollars, without the people's feeling on it, and this was about the way on't; the Bank was well known in Europe, and every body had confidence in it, and was ready to lend money at low interest, whenever it wanted it, so that when a pinch would come, all Squire Biddle had to do was to draw money from the foreigners, instead of making our own countrymen pay up, and then pay it back by degrees, leetle by leetle, till it had whittled it down to the leetle eend of nothin. The pet banks can't do this, folks abroad don't know 'em, and folks at home nother, 100 miles off.

Now let's see how things will work, as things are now fix'd. The Treasury must call on the pet banks for the people's money, and over 20 millions of dollars must be paid up right off; and the pet banks must take it from our folks, who have borrowed it from 'em; and this comes plagy tuff as times now are, and no trade goin. As soon as I see this, I sot right down and rit to Squire Biddle about it, and I tell'd him he must come right out and loan more money. He answer'd and tell'd me he did not dare to do it, for Congress, and the Ginral, and all the folks of that party, said the Bank of the U. States must be wound up; and if the Bank now in the face of that, went to extendin its loans, they would all say it was only to git friends, just as they had afore; that the Ginral said the country was never more prosperous than it now was; and the only way for the Bank to act for the safety of its stockholders, (and they were numerous old folks, and young orfans, and innocent foreigners, who had put their money in that stock,) was, to wind it up gradually, so that by the time its charter ran out, there wouldn't be such an everlastin sum to pay by folks who had been borr'in of the Banks. Well, this was true enuf; and I see exactly on which the the shoe pinched, and for a spell I couldn't see how the country could get relief. So arter a while, I began to think about Congress, and the Ginral, and his folks. "Consarn it; thinks I; this Congress has only got one year more to sarve. This fall there is to be a new election, and the Ginrals folks aint all creation by a tarnal sight; and knowin as I do, that this war agin the Bank is a *party* war, and folks only trying to nock it down just to get other banks in the place on't, it seem'd plagy hard that so many people should suffer just for *party notions*; and I set down agin, and giv the Squire another letter, and I tell'd him I did raly believe, if the Bank of United States instead of windin up, as the Ginral tell'd 'em to do, would let off, and go along relievin the people as far as was in its power, takin care, at the same time, of its stockholders, (for they had rights too, and it was their money,) I did raly believe the good sense of the people would back the Bank; and when the time came to consider on a new charter, the people would look at it strait in the face, and not with a *party* squint, and its justice.

The Squire's answer to this was just what I expected. He said, that the interest of every Director and stockholder of the Bank was so blended and mixed up with the interests of the country that it was one and the same thing, that no bank could prosper unless the people prospered, and that if the Bank thought the Ginral and his folks would not make a clatter and to-do about it, it would go right to work and lend money as the condition of the country requires, that it could not do as much as it formerly could, on account of the removal of the people's money from it, and on account of some of the pet banks and party folks all the while picken at it; for it was just like war times, when you must keep a force at every place, to guard agin attack. But if things would only be kept peacable and friendly, the bank would turn right to and give relief where it was most wanted. I was so tickled when I got this letter, and I see day light so clear ahead, that I sat down and I writ to the squire, and I tell'd him now says I squire, I want you to tell all your folks all about the country, if they think the present notions of Congress are goin to be the notions of the next Congress, they are mistaken, and if they think the people are goin to have all the business done by *party* folks, and on *party* principle, that's another mistake. And if they think the General and his folks are all creation, that's a bigger mistake than the others.

So says I, the safest course is to serve the interest of the country and the people as far as you can and though you cant do as much that way as you could afore the General tried to cut one of your wings yet seein that your feathers have got pretty well grown out agin, my notion is "to go ahead" and until the *people* tell you you are wrong, dont you mind what *party* folks say about it, for the *people's* interest is a plagy deal more important than the interest of the *party*."

So now, though Congress did nothin to relieve the people, and have left things at odds and ends I have a notion if we act on common sense, and scout at party, we'll git things goin pretty smooth agin.

Your friend,

J. DOWNING, Major,
Downingville Militia, 2d Brigade.

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

July 11.—Received from		*Received from*	
Henry McGowan,	$15 00	J. C. Bassett, [nett]	1 20
John J. Krause,	25 00	*July 15.*	
James M. Finch,	3 00	Daniel Lambert,	2 00
E. W. Osburn,	2 00	John Kasler,	7 00
J. H. Calkin, Esq.	2 00	B. Robinson, Esq.	2 00
Jacob Karch, Esq.	5 00	James Bennett, Esq.	4 00
R. Murchison, Esq.	2 50	D. D. Wendell, Esq.	2 00
Elijah Dailey, Esq.	4 00	B. Latham, Esq.	2 00
July 12.		A. Munro, Esq.	5 00
Jno. P. Kerr, [nett]	5 50	*July 16.*	
Dudley Baldwin,	20 00	Jas. F. Stanley,	50 00
Isaac Beets,	5 00	Benj. A. Towner,	2 00
H. W. Jackson, Esq.	1 00	G. N. Skinner, Esq.	2 00
James Bell, Esq.	2 00	Thos. Bowdre, Esq.	5 00
J. Hart, Esq.	1 00	James Wells, Esq.	10 00
D. A. Woodard, Esq.	2 00	James Lamon, Esq.	5 00
July 14.		C. G. Ryman, Esq.	5 00
Thos. D. Mitchell,	2 00	G. G. White, Esq.	2 00
Peter Buckley,	1 00	*July 17.*	
Levi Price, Esq.	5 00	J. B. Myers,	5 00
G. K. Pardee, Esq.	2 00	James G. Sprague,	5 00
Edwin Draper, Esq.	5 00	R. D. Alexander, Esq.	4 00
Wm. Mitchell, Esq.	6 00	Jacob Gerhard, Esq.	2 00
Wm. Mitchell, Esq.	2 00	Henry Nash, Esq.	8 00
N. P. Tyler, Esq.	5 00	Wm. Russell, Esq.	5 00
O. Collins, Esq.	2 00	W. S. Holsted, Esq.	2 00
		J. McGiery, Esq.	2 00

To Printers.

WILL be sold, on moderate terms, two fonts of Bourgeois type, nearly new, will work together, and will be sold together, if wanted—if not, will be sold separate, with 45 pair of cases, (each fount being about 500 lbs.) Also, 176 lbs. Nonpareil, and a fount of Script of 30 lbs. with other articles, viz. Chases, Sticks, Galleys, brass and wooden, with a double imposing stone, all in good order. Inquire of JAMES SHAW, 147 Spruce street.

July 19—3t*

The Blue Book.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—From the very liberal patronage bestowed on this work, the publishers find they will be unable to deliver copies to all of the subscribers without occupying several days.—They therefore take this mode of informing those who are desirous of possessing the Book at once, that they can be obtained this morning on application to KEY & BIDDLE.

ALMANAC.

1834. JULY.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
19 Saturday,	4 46	7 14	1 4	
20 Sunday,	4 46	7 14	1 40	D. H. M.
21 Monday,	4 47	7 13	2 33	
22 Tuesday,	4 48	7 12	3 27	
23 Wednesday,	4 48	7 12	4 14	New 6 4 5
24 Thursday,	4 49	7 11	4 59	First 13 10 1
25 Friday,	4 50	7 10	5 43	Full 20 2 3
26 Saturday,	4 51	7 9	6 27	Last 28 [illegible]

Saving Fund Society.—The Northern Liberty, Kensington and Spring Garden Saving Fund Society receive deposites on Mondays and Thursdays of each week, from 3 o'clock, P. M. until 6, at their office, No. 339 North Third below Green street.

MARRIAGES.

On Saturday, 5th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr. James Cunningham, to Miss Maria Coulter, both of this city.

On Thursday, 10th inst. by the same, Mr. Benjamin Jacobus, to Miss Mary Ann Miller, all of this city.

On Thursday, 10th inst. by the same, Mr. John McCoy, to Miss Ann Bates, all of this city.

On Thursday, 10th inst. by the same, Mr. Wilkins Streeper, to Miss Matilda Wells, all of this city.

On Tuesday, 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Moore, Mr. Joseph Thompson, to Miss Frances M., daughter of Charles Smith, of this city.

On Sunday evening, 13th inst. by the Rev. Zelotes Fuller, Mr. Robert Steen, of this city, to Miss Elizabeth Evans, of the Northern Liberties, both formerly of Sussex Co. Del.

On the 18th of May last, by the same, Mr. Wm. Page, to Miss Elizabeth Clarke, all of Philadelphia.

By the Rev. George Chandler, on the evening of the 11th, Mr. Richard Dawson, to Miss Rebecca Cornmon, both of New York.

On the 14th of April last, by Alderman Boilean, Mr. Jas. Morgan, to Miss Charlotte M. Morgan, both of this city.

On Thursday last, 10th inst. at the Trap, by the Rev. John Richards, Mr. Geo. Richards, of Pottstown, Montgomery Co., Pa. to Miss Anna Sands, formerly of Bucks, but now of Chester co. Pa.

On Tuesday, the 15th, by John Swift, Esq. Mayor, Hartshorn Willson, to Miss Lydia Leeds, both of this city.

On the 9th, at Norristown, New Jersey, by the Rev. Mr. Peters, Mr. Edward Geats, of the city of Philadelphia, to Miss Catharine Vanderveen, of the former place.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. W. E. Ashton, Mr. Joshua Baker, to Miss Eleanor Wray, both of this city.

On the 16th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kitts, Mr. Eli Hollidge, to Miss Harriet B. Cary, all of this city.

On Tuesday evening, July 15th, by the Rev. M. B. Roche, Mr. Thomas Calvert, to Miss Eliza Ley, both of this city.

On the 14th inst. by the Rev. H. A. Boardman, Mr. John McAuly, to Miss Ann Dunn, all of this city.

On the 13th inst. by the Rev. Wm. A. Wiggins, Mr. Thomas Merritt, to Miss Sarah Abel, all of Kensington.

On Tuesday evening, 15th inst. by the Rev. Albert Barnes, John Richardson Latimer, to Elizabeth Caldwell, eldest daughter of the late Michael Keppele.

On the 9th instant, by the Rev. Joseph Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM H. DAVIS, to Miss SUSAN HORZ, both of the Northern Liberties.

DEATHS.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Mary Jordan, in the 93d year of her age.

[illegible]

JUST PUBLISHED.

Atkinson's Casket

FOR JULY, 1834.

EMBELLISHMENTS:

The Lute—a beautiful Steel Engraving; the Colosseum at Rome; Stirling Castle, in Scotland; Music—"My Sister Dear."

CONTENTS.

[illegible]

POETRY.

[illegible]

Address (post paid) SAMUEL C. ATKINSON, 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

[illegible]

The Book of Nature.

[illegible]

Address S. C. ATKINSON, Pr., No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia.

Baker's Intelligence Office,

ESTABLISHED May, 1811, at the S. E. corner of Chesnut and entrance in Third street, [illegible]

Lyons' Machinery.

WILL BE SOLD, at Baker & Mackey's store, No. 27 North Third street, on Tuesday morning, July 22d, at 11 o'clock, a new and valuable machinery of the latest invention and most approved construction, made by an eminent machinist of Lyons, in France, and imported into this country by the owner for his use, but who in consequence of engaging in other business, has no use for it. [illegible]

Dr. A. Shelly.

[illegible]

To Let.

[illegible]

SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS.

[illegible]

John B. Howell's

[illegible]

Thomsonian Infirmary

[illegible]

TO LET.

[illegible]

Lehigh Coal Reduced.

[illegible]

Brandywine Chalybeate Springs,

[illegible]

Lehigh Nut Coal.

[illegible]

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

EPITAPH.

ON WILLIAM GRAY.

Here lieth wrapt in clay,
The body of William Gray—
I have no more to say.

EPITAPH.

ON DR. JOHN GIBBS.

Here lies the body of Sir John Gibbs—
Nobody laughs, and nobody cries
Where his soul is, and how it lives,
Nobody knows, and nobody cares.

Life is an inn, where all men but
The writer Time, the landlord Fate,
Death is the score by all men due—
I've paid my shot—and so must you.

CONJECTURE.

A horse with his nose on a bag,
A peasant thinking of corn,
A sermon reduced to a rag,
In short enough—have you seen,
A pepper, who laughs in dishes,
May silence confess a sin,
And in fashion, that's "out of vogue,"
May possibly wish to get in.

A lady, when dressing for church,
May have been a thought of that earth,
A lover, when left in the lurch,
With an offer may bother your mirth;
A lawyer who frowns at a fee,
May be moved by some deeper pretence;
And a man may be proud of a tree,
In a state of most lawful eminence.

Why is a love letter like a lady when she blushes? Ans. Because it is full of flame and is sealed with a kiss.

The radicals of Yarmouth have set up a cry of "monopoly" against the office of corporation hellman, and have started one of their own party in opposition.

A country fellow was passing down Washington street the other day with a rag thrust into the mouth of a woodchuck's bleeding nose and saying to "Hallo, there, my man, what's the matter down?" Inquired one who saw him up at the window, and replied, "I say Master, the woodchuck has got a bad cold in his head, if you keep a tinsmith's boy coming a rather dead hanging out of the window."—Boston Paper

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A person bemoaning the unfortunate prospect of suffering a total change in the fashion of the cut of married and single women remarked, "What can make the women change so often?" "Why, you see, in the contract, few bring the time and manner, of the marriage and who's cast, a loser's fate."

A NEW METHOD.—A village pedagogue is desirous of procuring an assistant. A friend asked him if he knew——. "Yes, sir." Well, what is it? "I knows him very well by sight, but for one I can't remember his name."

"There is one sort of fun," said Colbert to Mr. Fun, the other day during the discussion on the tax tender, "which you cannot make me pay for." "What is that?" inquired the member for Johnson. "The almost perfect" replied Colbert.

CONSCIENTIOUS MOTHER.—"Molly," said a lady to her servant, who was not remarkable for her quickness of comprehension or general sagacity, "I think you'd better go to Tim's and get a pint of milk." "Shure I will," was the reply, "I wouldn't be very sorry to do any thing to-day."

GRAMMATICAL CONSTRUCTION.—A Farmer's son just returned from a boarding school, was asked "if he knew grammar?" "Yes, sir, I guess I do," said he, "I know by very well—Grammar acts on the tree and the sweet."

A SMART LITTLE BOY.—A lad in a school, who was known to be very fond of eggs, was asked by the pedagogue to give a definition of the word "egg." He replied, "An egg is a thing that grows on a hen, and when it's fried you can't get it off the plate with a knife and fork."

"DEAR MOTHER:—I am about to inform you that I am down with the measles, and hope these few lines will find you enjoying the same blessing."

WHEN TO HAVE MY DINNER.—When you feel particularly desirous of having dinner done, you will generally find that the cook has taken a notion to the object, and a very few two, more or less, have not too much. When you knock over your glass, and spill the wine on the table cloth, you may depend upon the waste of a song you have learned the habit of singing the last time you came home drunk. When you are seen getting quarrelsome, when you tread on your lady's shoulders, go home—you are dead drunk.

INTERESTING FACT.—A few years ago, a very worthy laboring man in Athens, who had never set unfortunate as to become a drunkard, was married to a most excellent woman in the same neighborhood, and brought at once sufficient to make them comfortable, and enough of money to commence. At the time, he had a mansion then made, with a lathe in the lot, and worked at RUM, out which he every day carried a bucket full to his shop, and sold it at the factor of spending it for liquor. The last was hence exposed to view in counting out the money, and his wife was forced to submit to see him run headlong and rapidly to destruction. Now, however, he has become a good husband, and the miserable wife go towards a good home, and domestic comfort once more.—Athens (Geo.) Southern Banner.

It is better to be a fool than a fool with the anti-knock-out. Knowledge is a dangerous thing in the hands of a fool, but the fool is not dangerous with knowledge. Let me have the fool with knowledge. The world was made for fools, and they are the most successful men in it. They are the men who get rich, and who get office, and who get married, and who get to heaven. Many a fool has got to heaven who never knew enough to get into it. The wise men are cast aside and ignored, and the fools are left to run the world. Let me have the fool, and I can run it to suit myself.—Exchange.

REMARKABLE COINCIDENCE.—During the Revolutionary war, a celebrated Tory, named Wentworth, was governor of the metropolitan town Bengazy, in 17——.

Some years after the war, he was appointed governor of New York. During his residence in the latter province, he was married to a lady whose name was Bengazy, and who was a native of the same town in which he had formerly resided. "Well, Master Bengazy," said he to her father, "I suppose you will be willing to give me your daughter?" "Why, governor," replied Bengazy, "I guess we probably could, if agreeable to you, as we have more than one to spare. Will you take Sally, Susanna Caesar, or Cupid? Pap and mam advise gentlemen to take Cupid, as she is the most domestic, and will be more on my hands, by and by." "Why, then," said Wentworth, "I'll take Cupid, for she's the most domestic." "Well, then, you shall have her," said Bengazy. "Well, governor," inquired Bengazy, "what do you think of the match?" "Why, I don't know, I don't care what," said the governor. "N. Y. Tea-caster.

ORIGINAL WAY OF GETTING RID OF A WIFE.—The following advertisement appeared in the Barbadoes Herald, extolled the "West Indies," of course, we think, feel bound to give it a place in our columns, as it is intended for the public, and the case must be a most extraordinary one. We recommend it as a form of advertisement, much better than that which many husbands have been adopted, to those disagreeable women, who also has left by their better halves, without the slightest cause or whose worn out charms interfere either as pecuniary or domestic affairs.

"Mr. Christopher Thomas St. Daly, having married Miss Holcombe, was the cause of being comfortable, but in consequence of her temper having increased so much on him, at the occasion of his failing and it a influence to him in having to be on my political affairs, I proved by introducing an advertisement like this in the public print, and he can be hereby forbid all persons harboring, accosting or giving credit to my said wife Margaret Ann Daley, or having any concerns with her; as if they do it will be at their own cost and charges, and the subscriber will hold himself exculpated from all demands. (Signed)

CHRISTOPHER THOMAS S. DALEY."

Advertisement Second. "Mr. C. T. S. Daley, with reference to the advertisement contained in the last number of the West Indian, begs leave to state that instead of his 'political affairs' he intended to say 'jobs to his economic affairs.' His signature of mind at the time, he thinks is a sufficient excuse for his trifling error."

ANECDOTE.—Just amongst the amusing occurrences which the very facetious gentlemen of the Police occasionally relate, we have selected the following, which occurred yesterday. A disciple of Esculapius who resides on the suburbs of our city, having had occasion to go to Hackensack, was on his way home, arrested for a debt of three hundred dollars. Procuring the sheriff's officer to countermand him for his loss of time and detention, he obtained consent to remain in Jersey City until his bondsman should arrive from New York with sufficient money to pay the debt and costs. In due time the bondsman arrived with the money, and while the doctor was with the officer counting it, the prisoner contrived to escape from the room and hastened on board the steamboat, which immediately crossed to the city. The officer observing his prisoner had left the room, went out to look for him, and finding he had escaped, made merry mentioned it to the friends who immediately gathered up the money and went home to settlement. On consulting his legal adviser, the officer had to be fined executed, there was signed to him, and, with this instrument, he came to New York in pursuit of the runaway. On search being made of the doctor he found all abroad, and after in vain trying about the premises some time, he at length wisely came to the conclusion that the best course for him to adopt was to take the boat instead of throwing a little cold water on the fire of his anger. The moment he did so he was soon furnished with a fellow passenger, who had also a little matter of business to transact with the doctor. Having arranged the matter, the doctor and his friend engaged in the usual amusement of smoking, and he brought half a dozen heads out of the windows of the cabin. Suddenly the steamship stopped, and the doctor's friend, with the instrument, he came to New York in pursuit of the runaway. On search being made of the doctor he found all abroad, and after in vain trying about the premises some time, he at length wisely came to the conclusion that the best course for him to adopt was to take the boat instead of throwing a little cold water on the fire of his anger. The moment he did so he was soon furnished with a fellow passenger, who had also a little matter of business to transact with the doctor. Having arranged the matter, the doctor and his friend engaged in the usual amusement of smoking, and he brought half a dozen heads out of the windows of the cabin. Suddenly the steamship stopped, and, with this